

Welcome to

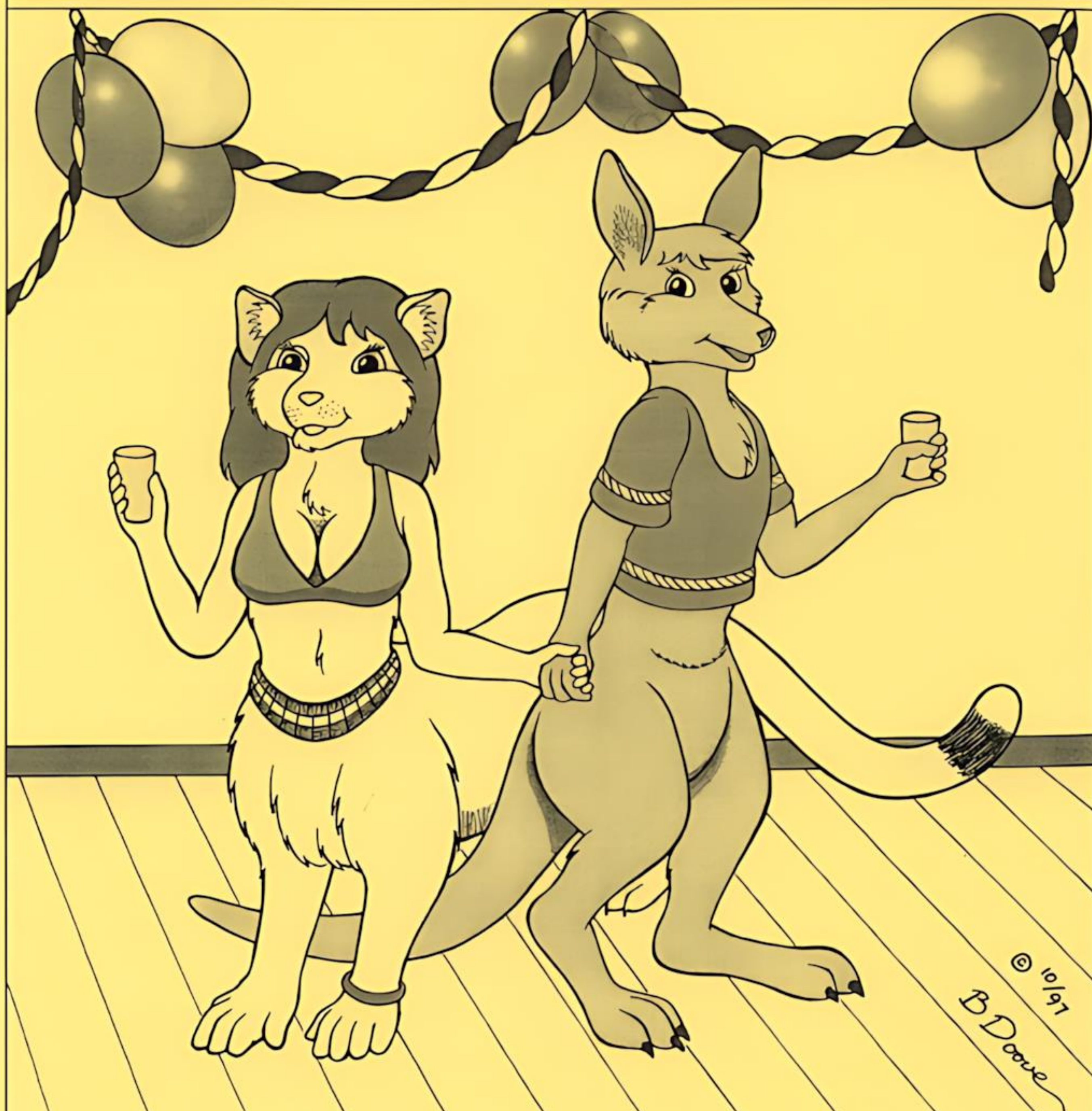
Issue 10

South Fur Lands

Australia \$3.50

New Zealand \$4.50

Overseas \$6.00



© 10/97
B Doove

Celebrating 10 issues of furry friendship.

ents

PRINTED IN AUSTRALIA



TALL HAIR DAY

David James

One human, one cat, a Joshua tree, two lumps of inedible cheese and a bored mollusc. Mix gently until you have something resembling the illustration.

Here is one that we prepared earlier...

MAGICIAN
David James
Generic floating crappy animal-
headed thingy magician.



Three Apples

by Miguel A. Estrugo Jr

What Came Before...

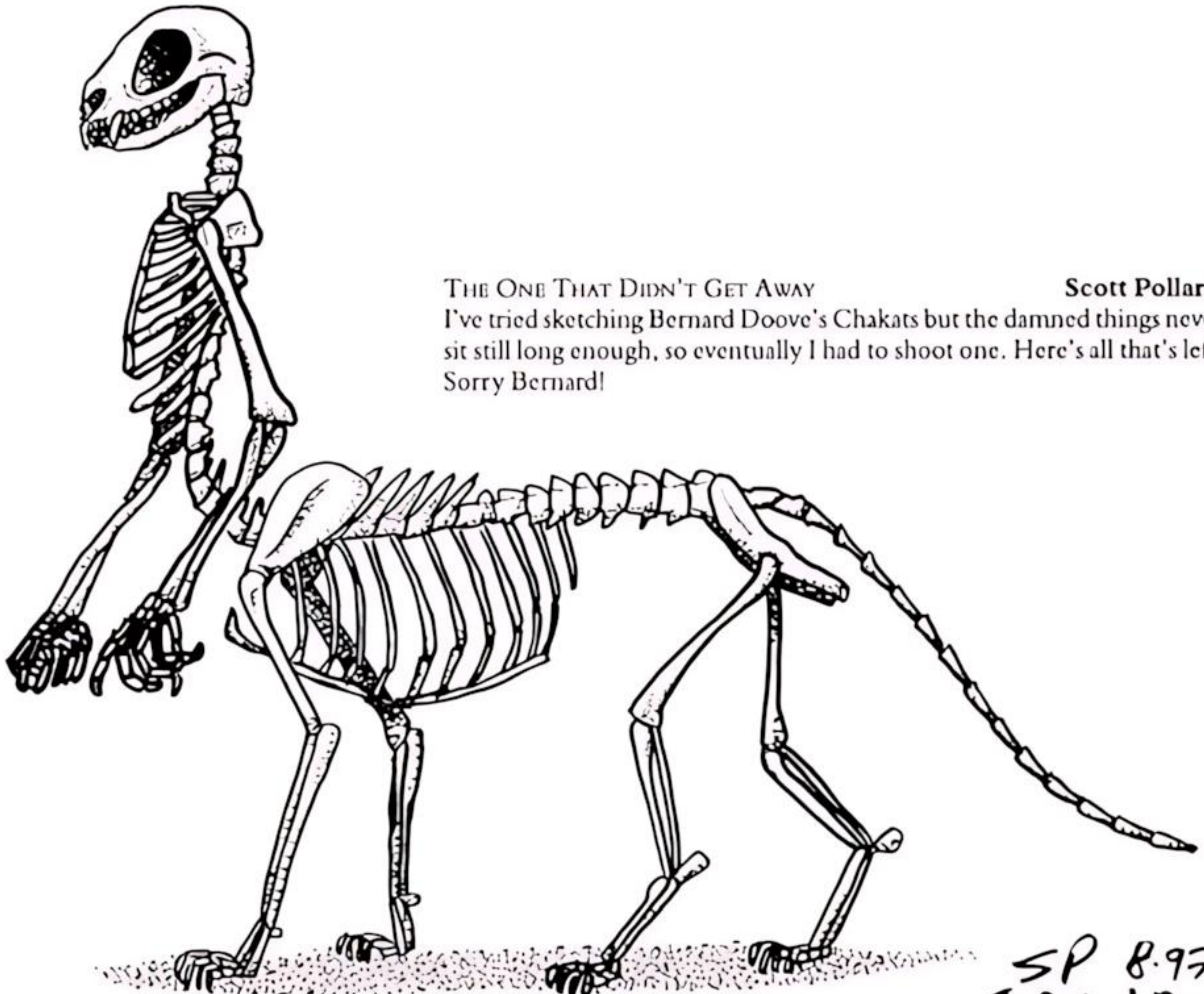


Paul Chanda is an apple farmer from Crithia.

He has vowed revenge on Iyu and his two friends after they eat three of his apples on a driving holiday and supposedly infect his whole crop with a rare marsupial disease.



He arrives in Liroland and goes after Iyu first, but Iyu manages to escape...

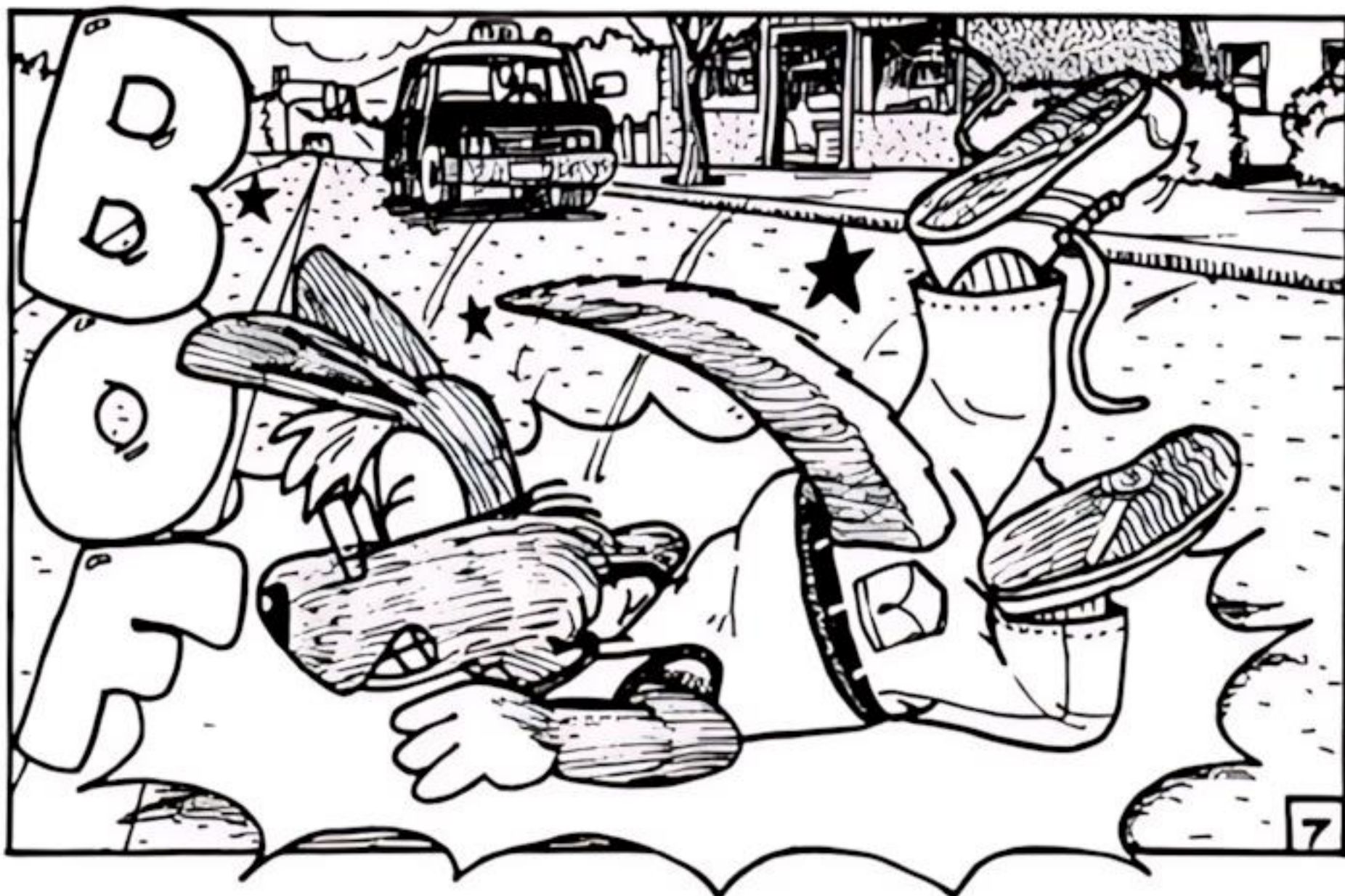
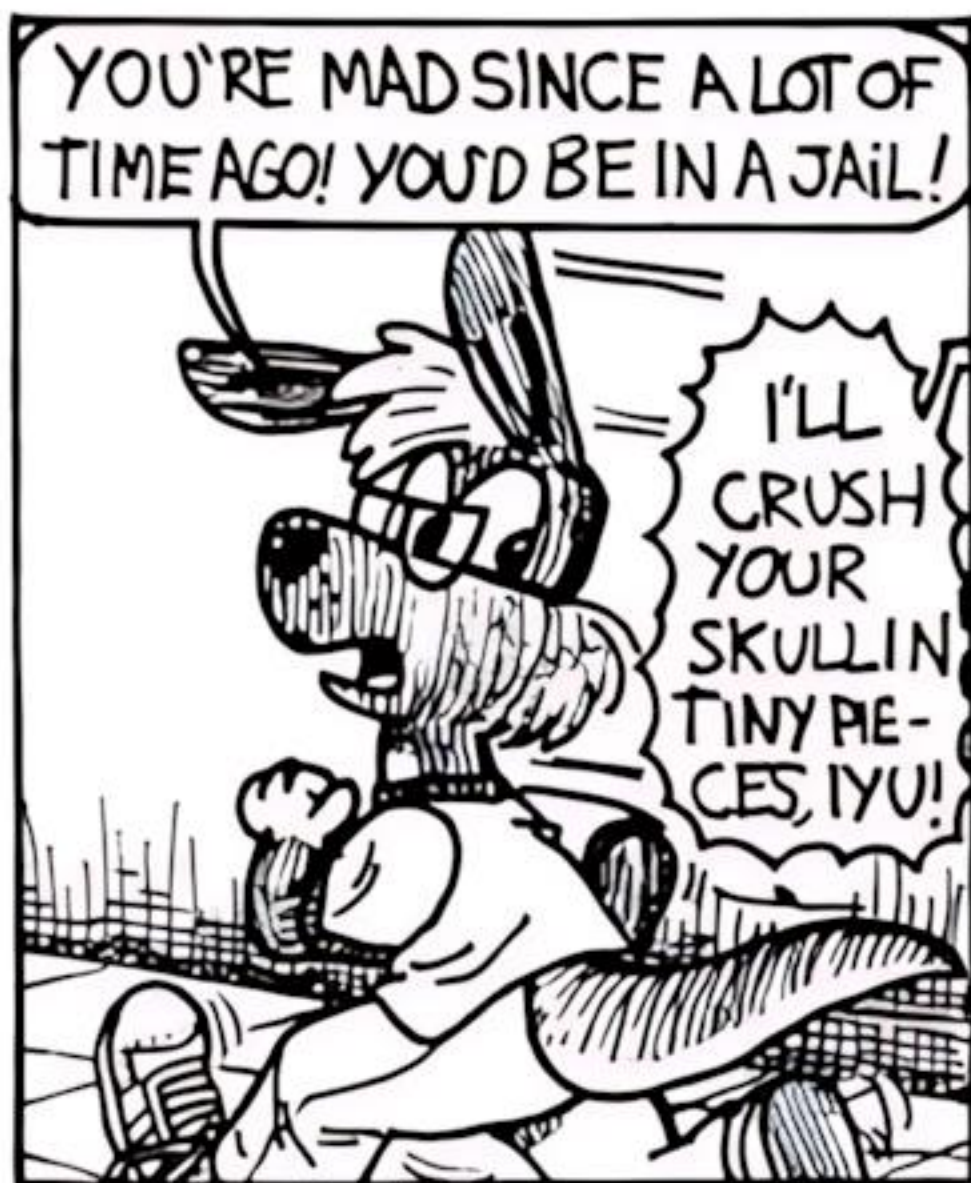


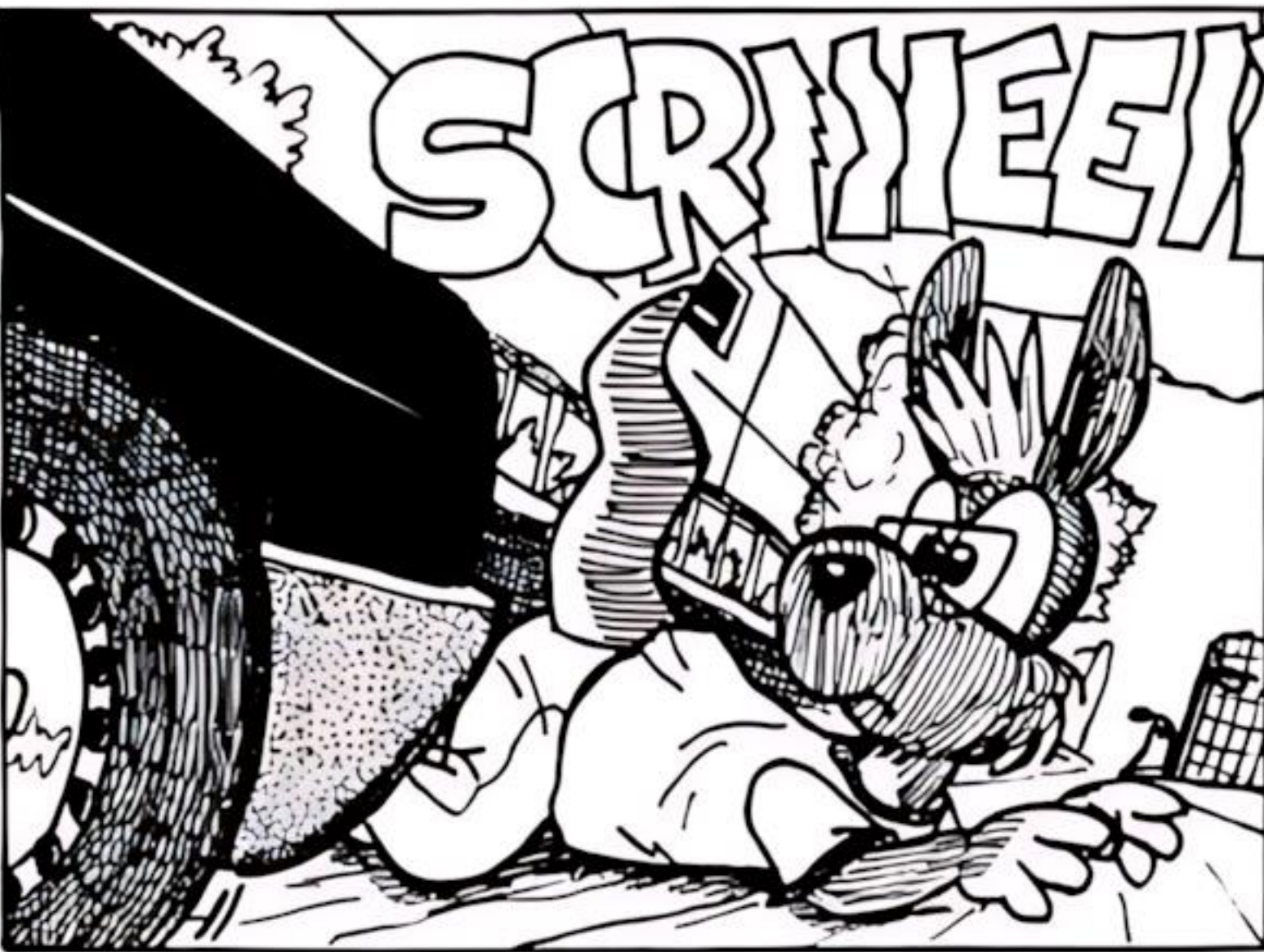
THE ONE THAT DIDN'T GET AWAY

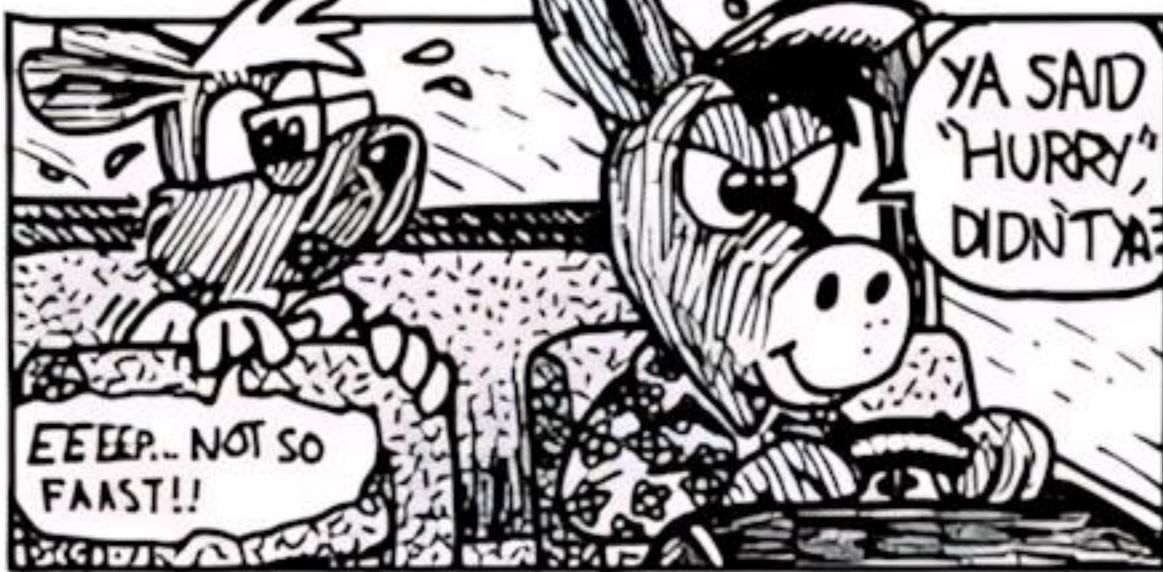
I've tried sketching Bernard Doove's Chakats but the damned things never sit still long enough, so eventually I had to shoot one. Here's all that's left. Sorry Bernard!

Scott Pollard

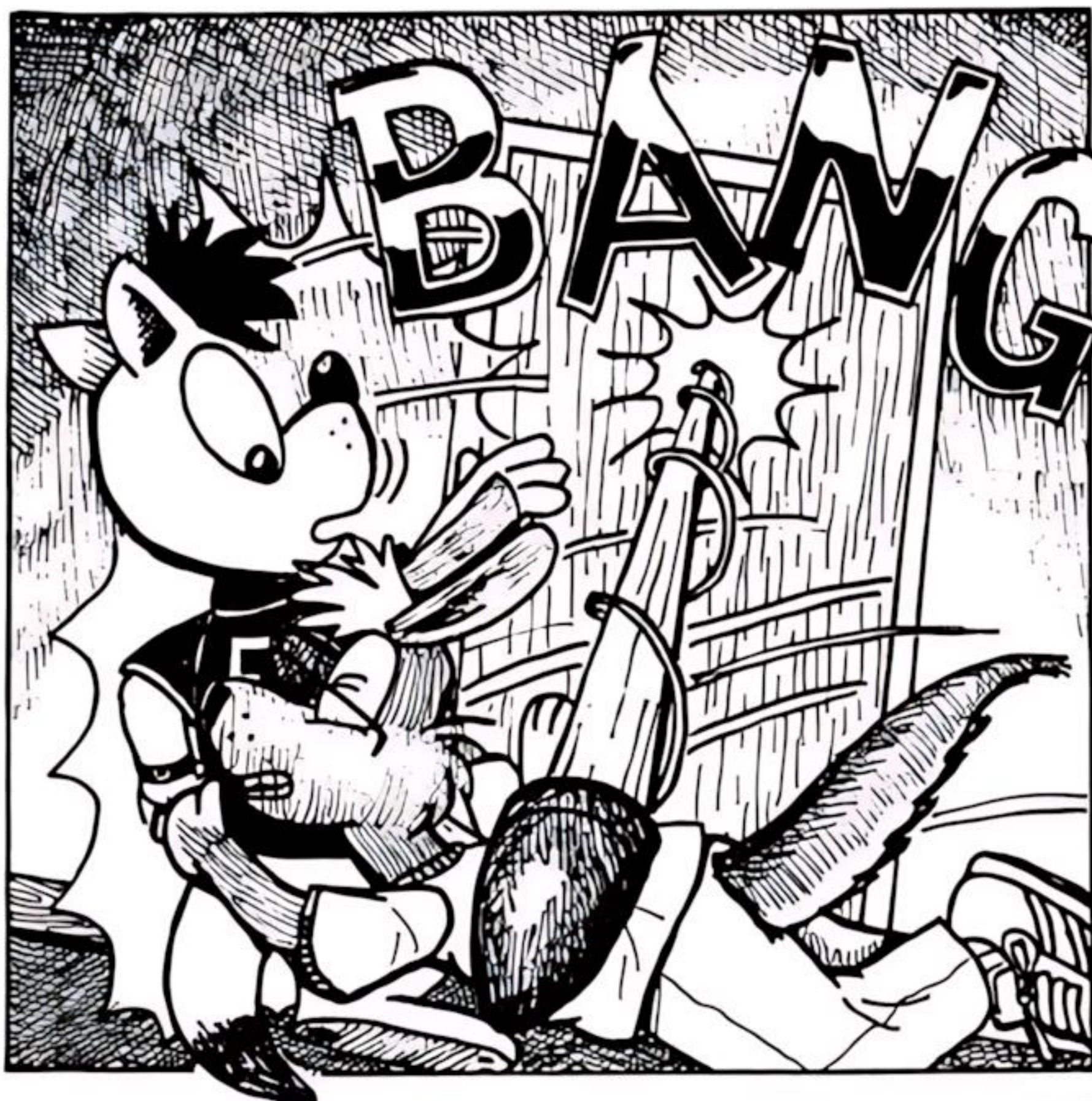
SP 8.97
For Bernard Doove



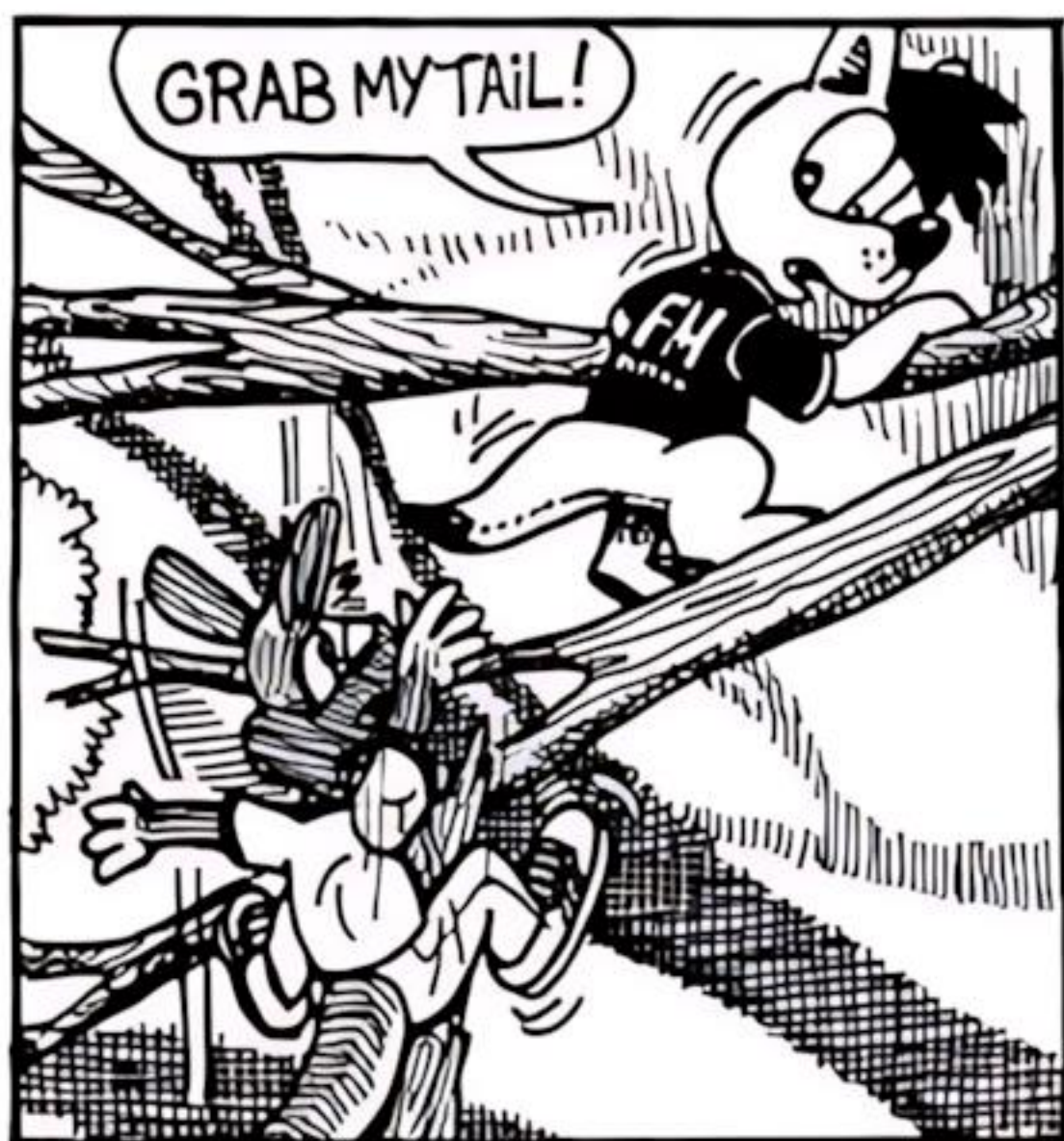


















To be continued...

?

I CAN HEAR
THE OCEAN!

THEY NEVER
MENTIONED
THIS AT UNI...

I'M NOT A
GARDENER
I'M A
PLANT HEALTH
CARE
SPECIALIST

"AMARA AT WORK"
AMARA © '97 A. PRONOVOST

© 97 '97

S
F
L

LOLLIPOP - I'M
SCARED! I FEEL
FUNNY AND
JUMPY -

-Oh, PAW wide
sensitive sap
opera woo~

Boo!

GOOD GRIEF!
Is that - GASP!
Legal?

THIS Ain't
OMAHA, KID -

SHE'S A KICK
IN THE HEAD
OF THE BLAND

WEIRD KABARET KITTEN STREINA
OMAHA © REED WALLER / KATE WOODLEY
GASH/ARTIST 7.7

Let's face it ~
'THE GAL CAN'T HELP IT',
... as they say.
-So WHY SHOULD I?

~aaaand~
QUITE FRANKLY-
WHY SHOULD YOU?



SPRINA W.S.K. LETS
HERSELF LOOSE
TO 'GUILTY AS CHARGED'
CREATOR
[Signature]

DAIJI FUKU-SHITA
Fuku-shita at his dinner
for an 'Infinite Kyu



Any Pronovost
atingh kyvteu... don't
atnu" poutubo.





Numbat and Omeo

I thought I'd draw something Australian, and Numbats are so damn cute,
so I couldn't resist.

Amy Proctor





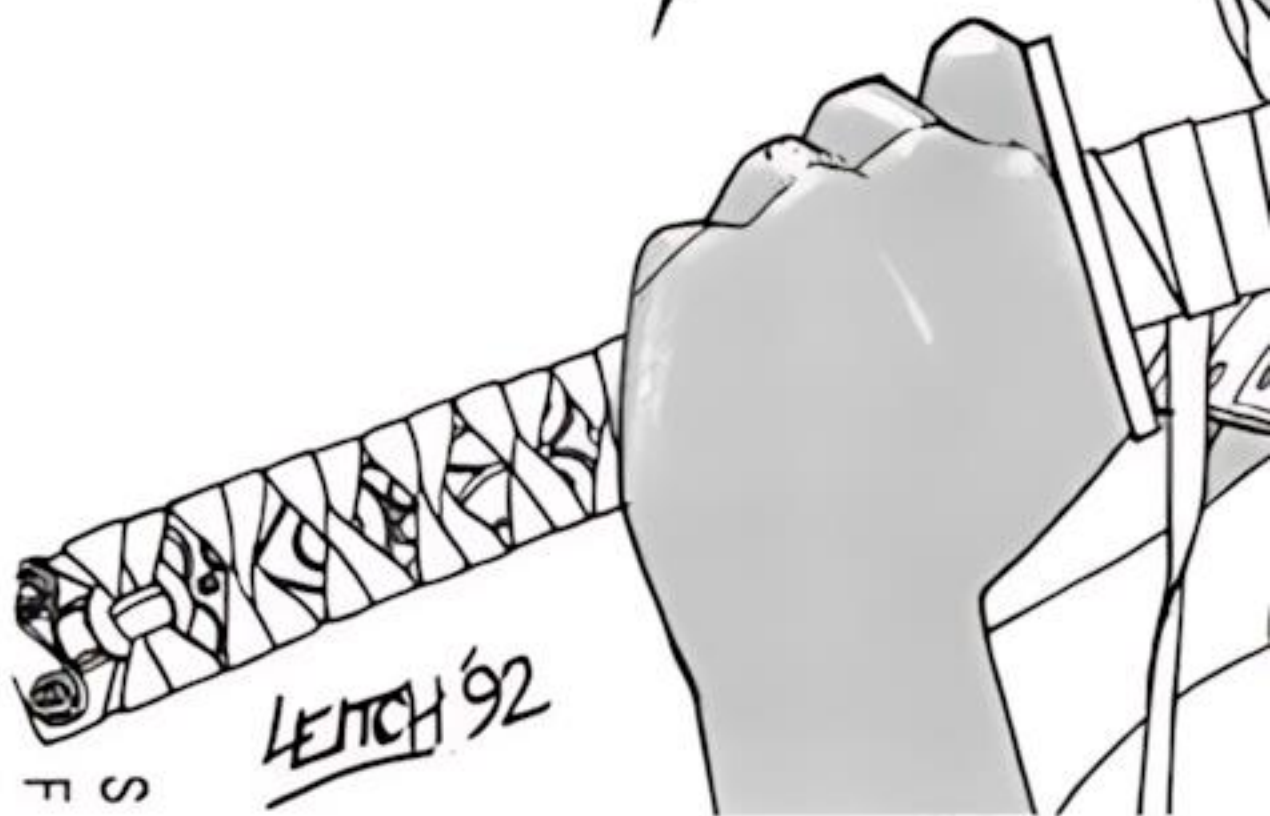
Andrew Loitch

The Lion Man is unnamed. I originally drew him as a member of a ruling élite in a lost world hidden beneath the Arctic icecap. His race's first foray onto Earth resulted in the building of the Sphinx and the planning of the pyramids.

YUKIKO

The Samurai Cat is "Yukiko", a wandering ronin and
de'edlowell

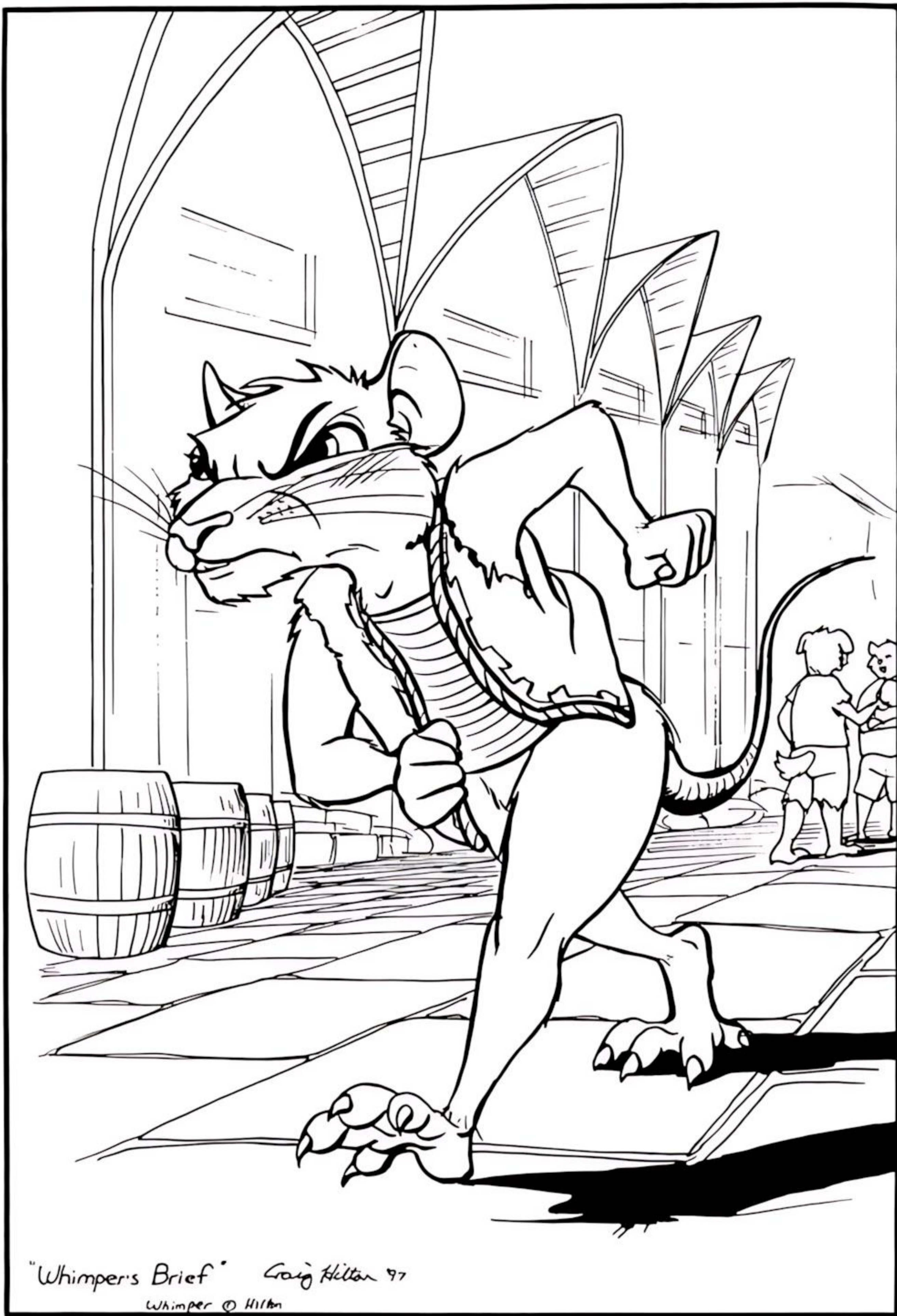
Andrew Leitch



SE L

LEITCH '92





"Whimper's Brief" Craig Hilton '97
Whimper © Hilton

Whimper's Brief

A story set in the world of Xanadu, created by Vicky Wyman and Lex Nakashima

Written and illustrated by Craig Hilton

Of course there'll be days so damn lousy you grow teeth. Like the time Whimper got bumped off the head of the queue: the brief runner, a mouse dressed in token scraps of clothing and the headband of his trade, had sprinted into the clamour of the main entrance lobby of the Magistrate's Chambers and bypassed him to slap his left hand on the right shoulder of the brief sitting next to him. An oink of pleasure, one greasy cheek puckering into a fat smile and he's suddenly cheated out of a paying client.



Craig Hilton 2017 Whimper's Brief

Plying the rank as a legal representative could make you a living fit for a Domestique but nothing more. It was a cut-throat existence, notwithstanding that it had been worse (they said) in years gone by, before licenses to limit numbers. So while the Freeborn class might operate through placed advertisements or retainments to well-to-do families, and the desperately poor at the other end of the scale walked the streets, your everyday Domestique brief was consigned to sit patiently with his competition along a bench by the wall like motley birds on a fence. And Whimper was now on that bench, and he was the first. The runner by rights should have given the job to him; the twist of paper, hastily scribbled out jointly by the prisoner and the arresting officer at the scene and spirited with a set of young legs to the Chambers, ought to have been pressed into his own palm, not Kelly's. But there they were now, Kelly stooping to drop the runner the few copper coins for the service, and the grazed and grubby hands—lamp oil and muskmelon—pocketing them. And he just watched, with venom in his mind.

Dusk was near. Whimper may not get another case

before nightfall, and he justly feared Delphi after dark. More than his landlord. More than a three-day hunger. Under hooded lids he watched pig and mouse fade into the corridor's darkness, and then lifted his body onto wiry limbs and started off for the open doors. In his brain the wheels started turning, and by the bottom step his course was set.

The alleged offense had been committed in a moon pool, that much he had overheard. So logically there were twelve possible destinations, one for each bailey of the old city—or only six in and around the Chambers. The brief runner had been eating muskmelon and handling lamp oil, which suggested only the two major lamp markets at West Dockside and Tumbledown, and based on the scenario of the runner eating and browsing when he saw the arrest and an opportunity to make a few groats, that gave a reasonable wedge of probability of his whereabouts. Tumbledown, Whimper decided—closer.

The cobblestones were warm from the oppressive heat of noon, although the slanting rays of sun were lifting now. Kelly would be tied up with his D904, and Whimper had his start. He made good time. At Tumbledown, the dome of white came into view, and now he presses for a position under the eaves of the small pavillion in the milling throng slaking their thirst, carting water by the pitcher, laving away a day's load of dust and sweat. The rat distractedly arranges his jacket and vest, catches his breath and stands with tail lightly off the ground as a pair of nut-brown eyes scan the scene methodically. He notes how enthusiastically and lovingly the people draw upon the cool, clean water. Faith has spoken of its miraculous curative properties, as evidenced by an arcane association between the concepts of magical springs, the Phoenix and the moon. Although Whimper can't decipher the ancient characters sharply carved in the stone pillars, he has read enlightening accounts in the library to suggest that the word "moon" in this case is a corruption on the Apostrian "*maug(h)in*", meaning simply "clean water", and whatever truth there may be in the existence somewhere of magical pools with healing powers, the venerable moon pools of Delphi by rights should be remembered for what they are—masterpieces of sanitary engineering.

Which was straying from the point. He set off again at a fast run, a zigzag through chaotic streets, this time for West Dockside. Actually, he should have told Kelly to go bite his own head. Anger was boiling up in him as he reached the Ashmet at the Array and turned right. With the long, straight run along the stone wharf past endless lines of barges, and with his breathing now deep and strong, and with the sun in his eyes and sweat beading into droplets, it became rage. Damn that pig! Damn him!

Right turn up Little Bollicutt Lane, through a mob of bemused spectators to the West Dockside moon pool. A little wider and more squat, it was pale blue in shadow

with a gold cap of sunlight. And with only a few figures inside—what he was after. The charge? 'Disturbance in a moon pool' was the way he'd heard it. Or so he hoped. You like to fight the battles you can win.

So he came staggering through one of the portals sobbing for breath, and at once he was barred by an armoured constable from entering. Five paces away the sergeant fixed upon him, bared his teeth in a silent snarl and flattened his ears with a cougar's menace. Beside him was a hopeless-looking grey ram, stooped, bloody-nosed, in a black belt, matching lime green jacket and rudely bespattered trousers.



"Excuse me, I'm Whimper—I've come to res... represent you."

The ram broke into an open-mouthed grin and stepped forward. "Glor' talk about timing. This here sergeant he was jes'bout to haul me urk..." and a startled, wooly face began to recede. Taken aback for a second, Whimper pulled out some folded pink paper and scamp-ered to head them off.

"Sergeant...?"

"Pergi."

"Sergeant Pergi, I'm Whimper, a legal rep, here to give legal representation ... here's my form and that's my li- cense number..."

"Yeah, yeah," Pergi took it and waved him away.

"You ... fill in your bit there."

"At the station."

A dumbstruck pause. "No. Here." He tried further: "The scene of the crime." No response, and the ram's receding face was imploring to him wildly. "Can't you stop him?"

"Nope," said the passing constable. Finally, Whimper darted forward to just inside the arch of the opposite portal, blocking their path and yelled: "Miscarriage!" That worked. The last rattle of armour reverberated from within the pavillion walls, and then all was silent but for the dis- tant hubbub of the crowd cautiously re-entering the far end of the pool area. Sergeant Pergi's short, tawny whisk-ers were bristling.

"You want me to do this the hard way?"

"The right way," said Whimper. "Sir."

"Say I just drag this loser to over the lockup where he belongs, whatta you goin' to do about it?"

"I'll go straight back to the Magistrate's chambers and file a wrongful procedure, Sergeant ... uhh ... 2117."

"Y'know if that's a threat, grub, I'll have your license."

"And I'll appeal, and win." It was a vivid image of a sparrow in the eye of a hurricane. "Meanwhile Mister ... umm, my client is entitled to legal representation."

"Wait a minute, wait-a-minute," said Pergi in the sus- picious drawl of a man beginning to smell a rat. He began to study the pink slip for the first time. "Who did you say sent you?"

"I'm here on the *basis* as a wandering brief."

"But you said you came from the Chambers."

"Yes but I'm here on the basis as a wandering brief."

The ram butted in: "Look I don't care, really. A brief's a brief."

"It's not that easy, Domestique."

"That's right, it's actually quite complicated," con- tributed Whimper, "but I think you'll find I'm legally entitled. Now, sir, what seems to be the problem?"

"I *wasn't* fighting," explained the prisoner. "I been set upon. Done beaten up and robbed! They stole all my money and try to throw me in the pool. Then when the law arrives they bugger off and I gits collared!"

Whimper glanced up at Pergi with interrogation in his eyes, but the smile was undaunted. "Subject involved in a disturbance in a moon pool. End of argument. A moon pool is a place of..." he searched for the word: "Se- renity."

"BASTARD!"

Everyone turned in shock. There was a commotion in the nearby crowd, and out burst a furious pig in a blue- gold loincloth with a sheaf of assorted papers jammed under one arm. With wide eyes, wild breaths and pursed lips, he stormed up. "What thef..." (remembered where he was) "What do you think you're playing at, Whimper, coming here and taking *my* client?"

"I salvaged him on a streetwalker basis. I've submitted the OP7 to the arresting officer..."

The pig pushed him aside and handed the sergeant (perhaps too forcefully) a wad of forms. "I'm Kelly, I be- long to the Jambonne family, I've been asked to represent one Dirk-Adam af the Lano family on a charge of disturbance in the West Dockside moon pool, and here is my D904, which you will see is properly signed and stamped in all the appropriate places." The cougar took this in. Then Kelly quickly turned to his client and con- tinued at this reckless pace: "Right. Dirk-Adam, before we start, has Sergeant Pergi clarified with you the law under which you've been arrested?"

"No."

"Have you come to an agreement with him as to the location the altercation started?"

"No."

"Well now you've got two lines of defence for a start." Then he was interrupted, and turned, glowering. Whim- per took in a deep breath. "Kelly, I really am going to have to insist on this, but he's *my* client."

"Like stink he is. We don't need your damn low-gut- ter tricks here."



"Look." He held a hiss of urgency to hide the pinch of guilt. "What did you offer that runner to pick you out? A cut?"

"Well of all the... Sheep here asked for me by name, didn't he?"

"I'll bet he didn't." Whimper turned to the ram. "Did you?"

"Hey all I know is first I gits beat up and then gits collared fer it."

"But did you request any brief in particular?"

"Okay okay, I don't wanna cause no trouble. I guess I's started with you now, Mistuh Rat, so I might as well carry on with you."

"You can't do that, sir," said Kelly, "and I've got the paperwork to prove it!"

"Anyways, I like him best. Rat here's the on'y person who's listened to muh story."

"Listened, yes, but does he have the experience? Choose the wrong brief, Dirk-Adam, you could be looking at three months behind."

"Three months!" and in the silence that followed all they could hear was the sound of Whimper choking.

"That brief runner was on a retainer to me," Kelly confided out of the corner of his mouth. Whimper screwed up a fist like a ball on a stick. He didn't believe it. He said so. Accusations flew. But a slowly creeping, chilling feeling—sort of bony fingers at the base of the neck—tailed him off at last into silence. Sergeant Pergj was there, regarding them, almost licking his lips.

"Let me see if I've got this straight," he began. "The brief runner gave the note of invitation to you, the pig, and so you, the rat, get here first and take his case." He smiled like curtains opening on a row of pearly white dancing girls. "That sounds like a suspendible action."

"Yes except..."

"Whimper of..." he looked down at the OP7, "no family, I hereby suspend your licence to practice in the capacity as a people's legal representative in the City State of Delphi under the reign of Empress Alicia of Xanadu."

Flailing for survival now: "Sir, I dispute that."

"Dispute it all you like. Now hand it over."

Whimper looked at the wooden tablet in his palm before replacing it in his pocket. "No, sir. I dispute that."

"Do you refuse?"

"I dispute that."

"Suit yourself. I'm arresting you for disobeying an order given within my power."

Suddenly the bottom dropped out of Whimper's world; the shock hit him like a punch to the chest. There came the vague awareness of the pig snorting and sitting down suddenly on the lip of the pool with shoulders wobbling silently, and of numbness thawing into stinging pain. He clutched at what he knew.

"I want a brief."

Pergj swept the horizon. "Tough." He grabbed rat and ram each by a shoulder and yanked them along.

"Oh sergeant, a moment if you please," Kelly called. "There's the small matter of the representation of my client." He trotted up, still chortling. "You and Dirk-Adam are not allowed to leave the scene of the alleged offense until I, the accused party's nominated representative, have examined the facts of the matter."

Whimper muttered: "For a start, he's been robbed."

"Yeah, okay."

"So he's got no money."

Kelly's mouth moved a bit, but no sound came out. Then his head sank to his chest and he let slip an almost silent syllable.

A heavy, gloved hand fell onto his shoulder. "You're under arrest."

"Huh?" Eyeballs went round and glassy with panic, and his sweat suddenly smelled of fear.

"You said a rude word. Constable, you heard that, didn't you?"

The constable strode over. "Heard what, sir?"

"The word 'shit'."

"Oh yes, sir. Without a doubt, sir."

Kelly closed his eyes and cursed quietly.

"He just did it again, sir."

"I heard. What have you got to say for yourself, brief?"

"I..." Kelly's voice dried to a croak. He could hear and even smell the coolness of the water. "I... want a brief."

Whimper snatched back his pink OP7 before the sergeant could react and made some hasty amendments. Then with half a smile he took out a second one, scribbled down a few details and passed them both to Kelly. Their eyes met, and they nodded in understanding. Kelly jotted a few details on them and returned one to Whimper.

"We've engaged each other," said the pig. "I'm his brief."

"And I'm his."

"Who's my brief?" said the ram.

"I am," they chorused, faltering a little.

The sergeant looked away a while, to scenes of blood and slaughter. He turned back. "Okay, right then. Whimper of no family, I've arrested you for disobedience. So when I tell you to hand over your license, you ruddy well hand it over."

The pig took a small run-up to this hurdle and was off. "My client," he said, "did state three times that he disputed the charge. If he wishes to appeal, he may defend the charge in a forum of law, which will simply chew

up your valuable time and his money. Section Five of the Fifth Article of the Books of Assessment." He'd taken up the rhythm of an easy pacing back and forth, with arms by habit in the classic posture of debate. "Frankly, to prove Whimper stole a client of mine you'll need my testimony. And as his official brief, I can't give it." He flaunted a superior smile. "And now if I trust you'll drop the suspension, there should be no problem with my learned colleague representing my own case."

"Hrrr, go on, then. Two shits and a bastard," said Pergi through his teeth. "Let's see you get out of that."

Whimper took the stand. "I too will be brief. The... 'S' words... in all likelihood were a couple of sneezes, and the onus will be on you to prove they weren't."

"I heard it. My constable heard it."

"And I heard it, and so did Dirk-Adam."

"A prisoner can't give evidence."

"Well in fact he *can* this time. It's the principle of non-exclusivity of a criminal law and a crown administrative law case—Section Eight of the First Article of the Books of Evidence." Whimper watched for an enlightened gleam, or *any* gleam in the cougar's eye: he decided there was none. "And similarly for the 'B' word, you sergeant will have to produce a witness to testify both that it was my client who shouted it, and that he was standing within the pavillion when he did so. All I remember seeing was a crowd of people." A demure grin. "Might I take it now that you'll consider both cases dropped?"

The reply was a pair of pink slips in strips fluttering to the stone floor. A sort of scorched earth policy.

Outside, hawkers were beginning to appear with their mouth-watering barrows of roasting skewers. Whimper noticed a lamplighter, a tall, red dog, was methodically making his way around the inside of the pavillion, pouring a gout of acrid oil into each fitting and planting there the seeds of flame. Soon it became easier to see, and then progressively more so. The pig was speaking. After a moment it occurred to Whimper that now only Kelly had the valid paperwork for the case.

"My client, Dirk-Adam of the Lano family, has just told me how he was drawn *into* a fight—set upon if you like—and this occurred on the Bollicutt steps, *outside* the pavillion of the moon pool."

Pergi was equal to this: "When I apprehended Sheep, he was *inside*, right there," he pointed, "on his back, beating two citizens about the head whilst being bounced on the floor."

"Perhaps, Sergeant," Kelly said, "we'll find by the light of the lamps some spots of blood on the steps, proving *conclusively* that this was the scene of the struggle. Is that not so?" Again he fluttered his lopsided, supercilious smile in the sergeant's face, but then made the mistake of passing it onto the ram, who felt compelled to be helpful:

"Oh, it definitely started on the steps, sir, but it ended up on the floor just there right next to the pool, look, where the officer done said it did, and I've got the lumps to prove it, see?"

Kelly covered his eyes and groaned a little. Then Whimper, who'd been building a line of defence in his head, moved up to speed and joined them. A fine opening remark stumbled on a sharp stomach pang from of the aroma of roasting meat, but he swallowed and started again.



Craig Hilton © 1977 Whimper's Brief

"Sergeant, whereas it has not been demonstrated that Kelly used profane words within the boundaries of a moon pool, we have all distinctly heard *you* use them. And whereas there may be dispute that Dirk-Adam fought here, there is *no* such dispute that *you* have littered in it, with all those bits of paper! If the mechanisms of the legal and penal systems are to be invoked, Kelly and I will be duty bound to see the facts of the case laid bare and exposed to their fullness. Now on the other hand, assuming you want to tie this whole incident up with a minimum of paperwork so you can get on to ridding the streets of the *real* villains, here's what I suggest you write down."

He scrutinised the ram, running his fingers over him where needed. When the constable drew out a pad, he dictated: "Subject noted to be bleeding from the nose; trail of blood from steps to edge of pool consistent with single source; subject bruised around the face but more so on the back of the neck; absence of bruising or abrasions on the knuckles; defensive injuries noted on forearms; quality and style of clothing indicates he was going to a celebration, in which case absence of money is significant; absence of linings to the pockets is more so. Conclusion: Evidence of an attack or robbery—high. Evidence of having gotten in even a single effective punch—nil. Now," and here he turned to face the sergeant directly, "I did happen to hear a few things in the crowd as I was entering. Something like 'They'd do more good at the Saucy Lamb', and 'Those Whitpetters get away with murder'. At the risk of telling you your own job, you could gain great advantage by asking Dirk-Adam for a description of the attackers and seeing if they're to be found at The Lamb. If so, and if they have any of his

identifiable property (a pocket lining, perhaps) then you'll have picked up a couple of nice arrests and whatever's left of Dirk-Adam's money. But when you do collar them, please don't ask me to be their brief—I've had a very trying day, and I doubt I'd be able to represent them to the best of my ability."

"Very well," said Pergi. "Fine. The charge against Dirk-Adam of the Lano family is dropped." He paused as he scrutinised a piece of paper with evil intent. "Now this D904 puts Kelly of the Jambonne family as his brief. So congratulations, Pig—you get the fee."

Grinning, Kelly turned to Dirk-Adam, saying: "Like the sergeant said, you're a free man. Well I know you'll want to be getting along to the raid on The Lamb, so I'll just give you this small account, and I'll call round to your place during the week to collect it. The fee is two shillings."

"Two shillings!" exclaimed Dirk-Adam. "For five minutes' work?"

Whimper came forth helpfully: "You'll find a lot of that's taken up by accounting fees, lodgement fees, interest... You'd have found Kelly's base rate extremely cheap, if you *had* been in a position to pay cash."

"Yeah, yes that's right. If you'd had the money on you, it would only have been, say, a shilling," said Kelly.

"Or less," continued Whimper. "Half a shilling, even."

"Half a shilling," concurred the pig, "for a brief consultation. If you could have paid me now, that is. But I suppose..."

"Wait a minute," said Whimper in feigned surprise to

Dirk-Adam. "The belt you're wearing—that particular type of buckle. I *know* that sort. It's very clever. Designed so you can tuck a spare fourthbit into it for emergencies." The ram's eyes went wide as he remembered he still had a silver fourpenny piece on him, and produced it with pride.

"There you are, mistuh. Ha'f a shilling. Paid in full." Kelly fumed. The sergeant and constable were heading out the doorway, so Dirk-Adam hurried after them, pausing only to cry out: "And that was durn' decent of yah, Whimper, workin' me a reduction like that. I'm gonna tell all muh friends and they're gonna all ask for you by name!"

Whimper took a final look at the rippling, sparkling, undulating, undiluted hue of deep magenta... then took his leave. He set out into the night alone, to avoid Kelly and follow the muse of life's damn perversity. Heaven's dome was smokey red and cast about with embryonic stars. He slowed down by a hawk's barrow, still lost in the far distance. A hoof prodded his back. "For services rendered," said Kelly, handing him a couple of juicy skewers, and making him stop and blink for a moment.

And now five minutes later, under a glowing, golden lamp, the three-quarter silhouettes of two untidy individuals can be made out enjoying the modest fare of the lower class.

"I still think you're a liar, though," says one. "That'll never change."

"And you're still a bastard."

Whimper chewed in silence, smiling inwardly.

COMMENT TO A READER'S INJOKE REGARDING LOLA AND THAT PIECE O' SHIT 'SPACE TAM-'



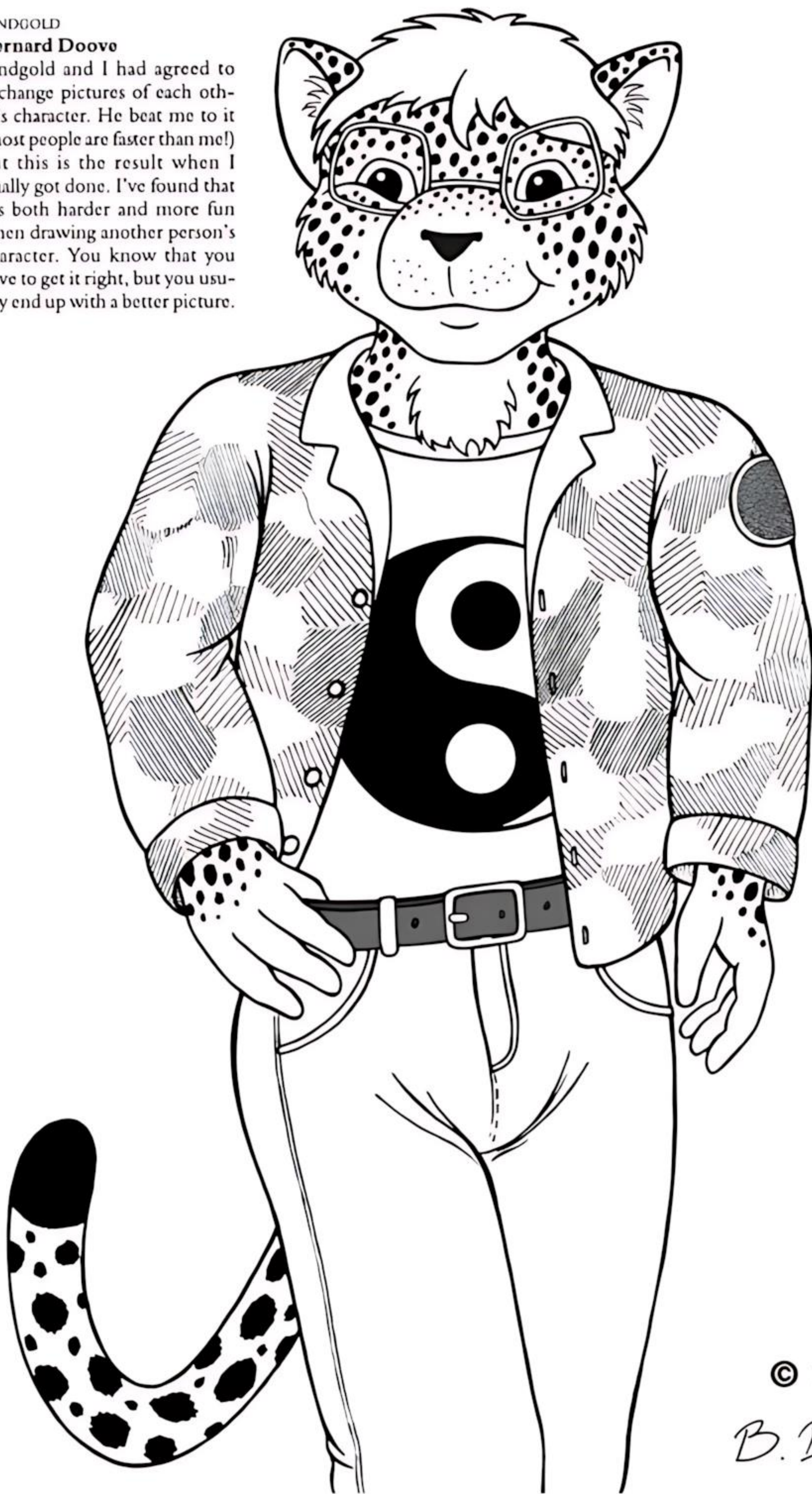
SNOW



LINDGOLD

Bernard Doove

Lindgold and I had agreed to exchange pictures of each other's character. He beat me to it (most people are faster than me!) but this is the result when I finally got done. I've found that it's both harder and more fun when drawing another person's character. You know that you have to get it right, but you usually end up with a better picture.



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B. Doove



RATGIRL
A possible T-shirt design.

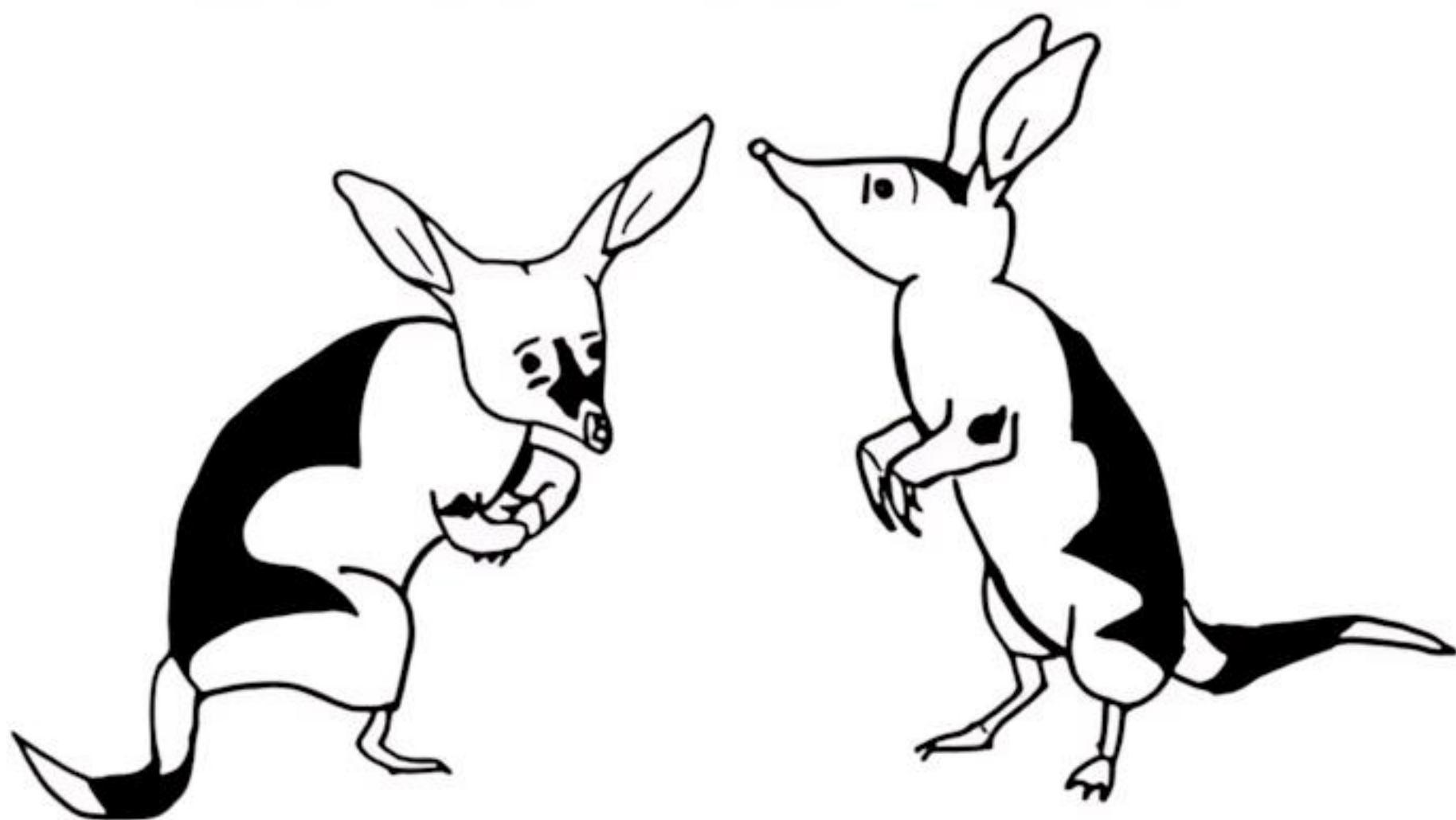
Amy Pronovost



SPICE

A UK Furry Housecon picture, at the November housecon. A bit of a piss-take at the first "Spice Girls" song. More coming soon...

Terry Knight



Those bilbies
are great,
aren't they?



©97/09
Mf



Don't know,
I've never
eaten one.



Peddling their Wares...



Honourary Australian Amy Pronovost is at it again with her very first portfolio, entitled "Amaravisions". *Amaravisions* consists of 14 black and white prints plus one print in *full colour*, all on heavy card stock and in a protective envelope. It features: "Beware of Fox-Shark", "Serenity", "The Gift", "Badger and the Candle Dragon" (featured in an earlier issue of *South Fur Lands*), "At the Lookout" (in *COLOUR!*), "Five Vixens, a slightly damp yak, a nerf brick, a crowbar and a rubber ducky with a hot tub", "Dangerous Reflection", "Dreamtime Shaman" and more! Of course, all prints are G rated. Don't miss out! *Amaravisions* is available from Conrad Wong for us\$10 plus us\$8 (air mail) or us\$3 (surface mail)—us currency only please. Multiple copies can be purchased from him for the single flat air mail rate. *Amaravisions* is also available from "Mailbox Books".

Write to:

Conrad 'Lynx' Wong
101 First Street
Suite 554
Los Altos Hills CA 94022
United States of America
Email: lynx@netcom.com

Or, visit Amy's homepage at: <http://rat.org/amara>

K.L.F.

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For more information about price and availability, write to:

KLF
c/o Peter LaVerdiere
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United States of America
kangarooboy@geocities.com

Or, email Brenden Smith at:

Visit their homepage at:

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Subscriptions are still available for the low price of \$3.50 per issue if you live in Australia (New Zealand orders add \$1.00 per issue and overseas orders add \$2.50 for postage). Please make cheques or money orders payable to "South Fur Lands". Australian currency only, please. Issues are also available from "Mailbox Books".

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